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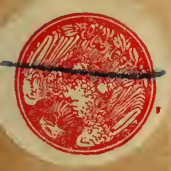

Moses, and Other Poems

By

Fanny Lawrence Carter

Class PS3505

Book A7913M6

Augt
1/3/16

Pres. President & Mrs.
Woodrow Wilson
accept their little
Xmas
little New Year Greeting
& congratulations
from
(Mrs. J.B.) Nannie T. Chandler
Mondeau, N.
Dec. 31, 1913

Moses, and Other Poems

By

Fanny Lawrence Carter

PS3505
.A7913M6

By transfer
The White House.

To my Daughter

Gertrude Carter Gilman

Missionary in Hankow, China

Proceeds devoted to Missions
in China

Flag of Our Country.

CHORUS.

God of our fathers! Ruler of nations!
To Thee we pledge hearts and hands, true and bold,
Vowing to safeguard the Star-Spangled Banner!
Loving forever each star, stripe and fold!

One happy people, we hail from all nations,
From each receiving a trait, strong or fine;
Proud of all labor, all softness despising—
Under the flag all our powers we combine.

Foes ever confront us, but Hope fails us never;
Faithful we triumph by wisdom and nerve
Reaping the rightful reward of our labor,
Under the Flag we will watch, work and serve.

True to our fathers, we'll fight for our standards—
Standards of justice and freedom for all;
Greed overcoming, our lineage proving,
Quick to respond to our forefathers' call!

Arms here we offer, strong for all labor;
Hands here we offer, quick, firm and clean;
Hearts full of courage and love for our neighbor;
Hearts true to God, ever near tho' unseen.

CHORUS.

Moses

"AND of the house of Levi went a man
And took to wife a daughter of the same."
So runs the sacred story of the two
Chosen by God to bring into the world
The greatest man, save Zacharias' son,
The old world saw before Messiah came.
Levi! that son of Leah the despised,
Yet the proud Mother of the greatest two
Of Jacob's sons, Levi and Judah! One
Chosen to be our Lord's progenitor
Above the darling Joseph—he who shone
In Egypt next to Pharaoh, yet who stood
Beside his father's death-bed in his robe
Of office as the king's prime minister,
To hear that father prophesy to all
His brethren and himself, that God had named
His brother Judah as the head and chief.
To him his brethren should bow down—once told
Of Joseph thro' those dreams that angered then
His brethren, till they sold him out of sight,
And sent him on before them to preserve
Them and their father and their little ones
From the dread famine. Now doth Joseph hear
His partial father prophesying through
The teaching of the Lord, Who seeth not
As seeth man—preferring Judah! son
Of that much injured woman, whom her sire

Dishonored, with an Eastern father's right,
By forcing her upon the man who loved
Her sister! Truly, God can compensate
His servants for the grief and pain of life,
In ways we little dream of. Angels may
Have whispered Leah when these sons were born
What names to give them; for, if Levi means
"United," what more fitting to that tribe
Appointed by the Lord to bear to men
The message of atonement thro' the lambs
That, after, should be offered, day by day,
Until Messiah should on Calvary
Eternally unite men to their God.
Leah meant union with her husband who
Could scarcely separate—and is it strange?—
The victim of the lie from the deceit
That forced her on him—forced him to maintain
The one he loved not and had never sought;
While she for whom he toiled all those seven years,
Was for another seven withheld. We know
God does not make men over all at once,
Nor women, either; but, as in the world
Of Nature, first the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn—not full corn all at once.
Now after Levi, when poor Leah's heart
Was singing in the joy of love returned,
Came Judah! and that name meant "Praise"! What else
Could her full heart suggest for this her son!
And he would be our Lord's progenitor!
Thus the great Prize toward which all hearts devout
Among the Jews aspired with longing hope.

II

Time—"measured portion of Eternity"—
Evolving, changing, God's world plans maturing,
Has brought to Egypt Israel's chosen race
From freedom of the tent—from Nature's heart
In beauteous Palestine, to King-bound Egypt;
To a nation thralled by subtle priestcraft;
Obliged to serve in war or peace alike
The cultured few, the selfish caste of greed,
Who from the monarch learn, that, lacking might,
The human unit has no right from God
To time or soil or knowledge of his life;
Whence coming, wherefore given, where to bloom
In full fruition, worthy of his powers.
But wherefore lacked this people might when God
Was on their side—Heaven's great Majority!
They multiplied, they "waxed exceeding mighty"!
Why must the chosen of the King of Heaven
Sink lower in the social scale in Egypt,
Until their very souls cried out to God
In bondage bitter and in cruel toil?
Was it to gain in men that very increase
Which prosperous women count a lesser good?
Was it to gain that poverty of spirit
Which wins the blessing of the King of Heaven?
Was it to train a Moses? give the world
A leader second only to the Christ?
God knoweth, and we too shall know hereafter.
His mills for sin grind slowly; for His own
Not e'en a hair shall perish, but His flail

Must sever chaff from wheat, must still refine
The pure gold in the furnace. Israel so
Learned their life lessons, and God's time drew near.

III

The little child is born, a goodly infant!
But every son has Pharaoh doomed to death!
Oh, how can this be saved? It cannot be
That one so fair and precious should be slain.
O God of Jacob and of Joseph, hear,
And teach us how to save this wondrous gift!
Then to Thy service will we consecrate
And train him. For our people's help, perchance,
Thou'lt use him, to deliver us from all
This cruel persecution under which
We groan in loss of all that makes life sweet.
Thus prayed the mother; and forthwith she framed
A basket-cradle, waterproof and soft,
And in it placed their treasure, praying still
That God and His good angels would defend,
As, hidden in the grass by Egypt's stream,
She left the basket-boat in Miriam's charge,
Who at safe distance watched with jealous love.

IV

In Pharaoh's palace, hark! the Princess calls
Her maidens, anxious for her morning bath
Within the sacred river, whose blest tide
Would purify, as well as cleanse and cool.
While thus disporting, lo! the Princess calls:

"What is that sound? 'Tis like an infant's cry!
Whence comes it? Haste and seek! Oh! who would leave
An unprotected baby here to die!"
The little basket-boat is brought, and lo!
A lovely baby, seeing faces strange,
Cries out for fear, nor stretches baby arms
Until pale Miriam tremblingly draws near,
And ventures to suggest a nurse she knows,
Who might the Princess help, if nurse she needs.
The Princess looks from child to sister true,
And the whole story reads. "A Hebrew babe
Whose mother thus eludes my father's law
That every man-child shall be slain, and thus
The wondrous increase stopped that threats the realm."
Then to the faithful girl she speaks, and sends
To bring the nurse she mentioned. Miriam turns,
And when safe out of sight, flies, breathlessly,
To tell the wondrous news of life and joy.
Upon that anxious mother's face full soon,
The Princess reads the tale of fear and love;
And her own mother-instinct joys to give
The baby back into the mother's arms.
"Take home this child, and nurse it there for me,
And I will pay thy wages." Nevermore
Would wage be paid for such a task of love.

V

Years pass. In Pharaoh's house a youth resides.
The Princess' son, adopted through a whim
That surely was God-given. He was trained
In all of Egypt's learning, for his God—

Whom then perchance he knew not—thus prepared
The finest instrument by grafting deep
Upon the Hebrew stock the Old World's best.
Another thing he knew—this favored lad;
(And who had told him?)—that altho' he lived
At Pharaoh's court as Pharaoh's grandson known,
And in succession King, perchance, yet he
Was one of that despised, down-trodden race—
A Hebrew of the Hebrews! What was more,
He was determined to uphold their cause.
Altho' against the power of Egypt's King.
Choosing to walk one day where labored sore
Some Hebrew slaves, a deed he then beheld
Of cruel wrong that set his blood afire:
And, springing forward, struck the Egyptian dead!
Then hid his body in the sands of Nile,
And homeward strode—his Rubicon now crossed.
The next day, still with ardor fired, and plans
Revolving how his people best to help,
He saw two Hebrews fighting—friend with friend.
Amazed, he parted them; and with the words,
"Two brethren, ye!" thought to allay their wrath.
Out leaped the words that drove him from his home
Outcast, but seeing the Invisible!

A stranger in Arabia, Moses learns
Great lessons from the leaves of Nature's book.
He learns the love of woman and of child.
The knowledge of himself and of his God
Must grow and deepen as his life goes on.
Now comes the Vision—Vision that shall change

His life of quiet duty in the wild
Into a battle on the World's great field;
Into a leadership with trials fraught.
Vainly he struggles to avoid the task;
Task that he once had sought with youthful fire.
No! the alarm has rung, the hour has struck!
And armed anew by the Invisible
He turns his face toward Egypt's hated soil.
Wondrous his mission, God's ambassador!
Armed only with the word, "Thus saith the Lord!"
But Egypt's firstborn die! the Passover
Is instituted, and a Nation born
In which the worship of Jehovah shrined,
Shall bring to Earth, thro' symbols, laws and lives,
A Revelation of the Infinite!
A Vision of the life beyond the grave,
Which, culminating in the Son of God,
Reveals a life of God lived here and now,
By men, filled with the Spirit of their God.

VI

Israel is free from Egypt's tyranny;
And now may Moses gather meed deserved,
And glory, honor, gratitude and love.
Alas! how is he free who Satan serves!
Satan! who takes our vile self-love and pride
And by them drives to every kind of sin!
And what reaped Moses of the men he loved,
For whom he sacrificed the best of Earth?
For whom he interceded to the Lord—

"Forgive Thou them, or—blot me from Thy Book!"
What reaped he? "Stone him! and to Egypt back!"
Great Leader and Law-giver! thou from man
Received'st naught but gross ingratitude,
Like Him, that Prophet Who should come to them,
And on the Mount, transfigured, meet with thee!
But from thy God what hadst thou, friend of God!
Whom He knew Face to face, to whom He showed
All that frail man may see of God and live.
'Twas thou He chose to take that wondrous Law,
Writ by Himself and handed down to Man!
Those Ten Words in which lie the whole of Life
Interpreted by Love—Love which fulfils
The whole of Law, both human and divine.

How closed thy human life, great Man of God?
Ah! here we touch on Love's deep Mystery!
Hallowed and hidden are the Rites of Love;
And He Who sees in secret, from the eyes
Of men withheld the final interview,
When Thou didst call Thine honored servant home,
And, soothing him to sleep with mother-love,
Thyself performed His last great burial rites.

O precious Word of God! O Book Divine!
In which we read this Life and Character,
Dearer and dearer grow to all Mankind,
Thou bulwark of our Nation! Freedom's chart!
Light for all darkness! Wisdom for the poor!
The Word that sanctifies! Our Father's Word!
Within our hearts and memories enshrined,
Live with us! Teach us! till the Master comes!

Jonah the Prophet

O PROPHET! how could any ever doubt
The fact of such a personality,
So true to nature and so true to life!
Of all those wondrous, unique narratives
Of Holy Writ, that to all men appeal,
To men of every race and every age,
There is not one that more convincingly
Reveals a man with human weakness frail,
Yet gifted with such power of speech and mien,
That Nineveh, the sumptuous and the proud,
Lowered its haughty head and stiffened neck,
At warning of a single voice unknown
To king or people until that strange day.

Where was thy home, O prophet? Who were they
Who knew thee as Jehovah's messenger?
While minist'ring among thy native folk,
God called thee to a most unwelcome task,
'Gainst which thy flesh and spirit so rebelled
That thou didst fairly flee Jehovah's face,
In vainest hope His Presence to escape.

A foolish choice made Jonah for his flight,
For "they that to the sea go down in ships
These men behold the working of the Lord,
And wonders in the deep." Even so he,—
Deserter from his post and vagabond,—
Found life a dreary desert without God;

And when the lot fell on him, well might say,
"I fear the Lord, Who made the sea and land;
And well I know this tempest is from Him.
Cast me forth to the sea and it will calm."
Was it not balm to his remorseful soul
To save those lives by giving up his own?
For nothing knew he of the monster fish
Prepared by God as ark of safety there.
"My Word shall still accomplish what I please,
And not return unto Me void." Thus God
Declared, and proved it now in Jonah's case.
Surely in ocean's farthest parts God's hand
Reached down to save His servant from himself.
Three days and nights within the fish he stayed:
And, realizing that his life was saved,
In spite of flagrant disobedience,
The prophet turned again unto his God.
"Tho' cast out of Thy sight yet will I look
Again toward Thy Holy Temple: there
My prayer will come to Thee, and Thou wilt bring
My life up from corruption, God, my Lord!
Because, when fainting, I remembered Thee."
One greater far than Jonah was to go
Down into death for him, and rise again:
And Christ has set His seal upon the fact
Of Jonah's trial and deliverance,
By taking it, and it alone as sign
Of Earth's sublimest scene, when He arose
Victor o'er death that reigned from Adam on
Until the Resurrection of our Lord.

Delivered from the deep, upon the shore
The prophet hears again Jehovah's call
To go to Nineveh and there proclaim
The message of its coming overthrow.
His humbled spirit, awed by such a proof
That God's Word "should not fail in that He pleased,"
Yields now, and Jonah goes to Nineveh.

To be the Lord's ambassador is not
An honor to be lightly underprized.
Nor is it task for which no equal strength
And wisdom are prepared. He who to war
His soldier sends provides the cost of war;
And, to the ammunition, adds the nerve
And skill to battle with the worst of foes.
Thine ammunition was, "Thus saith the Lord!"
And soon, O prophet, thou hast proof that naught
Can stand against the mandate of thy God.

Again the ringing Voice of Jesus sets
His seal upon this wondrous narrative.
"This evil generation seeks a sign.
There shall no sign be given but the sign
Of Jonas: for, as he to Nineveh was sent,
So to this generation have I come.
The men of Nineveh shall at the Day
Of Judgment rise, and shall these men condemn;
For they repented at the Prophet's word,
And here One greater far than Jonas speaks."
Is there not evidence of deep design
In Jesus twice selecting Jonah's work,

And his salvation thro' that fish
Prepared by God, the God of Israel?
And shall we dare to pass it by?—this book
That held for all the world these wondrous truths;
Of sin forgiven thro' penitence sincere,—
Sin both of prophet and of Nineveh,—
Of God's forbearance, Who will still employ
His erring children to perform His Will,
And hand the tidings on of sin forgiven,
And death destroyed thro' Jesus' victory.

Saul, Who Is Called Paul

A BOY and girl are playing on the rocks
Around a Roman fortress of the East:
Cilician Tarsus, one of Asia's posts,
Where Roman Eagles ruled o'er many men
Of divers nations, who in commerce toiled,
Or wares produced to be distributed.
The father of these children was a Jew,
Who, for his valued services, was made
A Roman citizen—the greatest gift
Rome had to give to her good servitors.
"Look, Sister," said the boy, as, pointing South
And East, he gazed afar; "there lies my goal,
The great Jerusalem, the City loved
Of all our people! sacred to our God,
And sung by prophets in our holy Book,
And in the Psalms we oft recite at home.

Why did our father leave Judea's land
And settle here among these heathen folk!
I hate these Romans, for they have enslaved
Our fatherland! the people of our God!"
"O brother!" said the girl with kindling eye,
"I heard our parents talking yester night
Of thee and of thy future; for, ere long,
Thou wilt have learned all that the Rabbi knows,
And must be sent away for higher lore.
Thou hast well learned thy trade of making tents,
Thou hast good gifts, if thou wilt persevere,
And make the most of opportunity.

So to Jerusalem and to Gamaliel
They purpose now to send thee. But what then
Shall we do here without thee!
Thou art glad; but we shall mourn.
And home will be so lonely when thou 'rt gone."
"Don't mourn! I'll make thee proud of me one day:
And then—I tell thee what!—some friend of mine,
To whom I will recount thy love and truth,
Will seek thee out, and bring thee back to me
In great Jerusalem, the Temple's home."

II

A few years pass, and in Jerusalem,
And at Gamaliel's feet sits Jewish Saul;
Zealous, intense, and drinking in all truth
That Hebrew wisdom and Tradition taught,
Except the knowledge of the very few,

The few devout who waited for the Christ.
The old dream, too, came true, and from her home
In far Cilicia had the sister come
And married, and with man-child had been blest.
Where wast thou, Saul, when died the Nazarene?
Perchance some filial task had summoned thee
To Tarsus, there to close a parent's eyes.
But in Jerusalem arrived again,
Thou findest Scribe and Pharisee amazed,
Bewildered, frightened, doubting of the end.
"What! this our people stunned because a mob
Of fools and dotards dare the rulers mock
And charge with murder, and blaspheme God's Name,

By crying, 'Resurrected Son of God!'
What is the matter with the Sanhedrim?
Who is the latest spokesman for these fools?
Stone him! and I will guard his clothes and make
Full explanation to the Sanhedrim."
The clothes are brought, stones hurled, and—face to face—
The martyr and the persecutor meet.
"Behold, I see Heaven opened, and the Christ
Standing at God's right hand! Lord, to their charge
Lay not this sin"—then, fainting, Stephen died.
"What is it to fanatics gives such power
To die! That surely was a hero's death.
But this thing must be stopped before the fire
Of error bring more souls within its range."
Thus spake this Pharisee of strong desire
And zeal for that he counted then the truth:
And homes were searched, and men and women haled

Before the judge, and into prison cast,
Or direst poverty, or exile sad.
Exceeding mad was Saul, and sowing deep
Seeds that should after yield him harvest dire
Of deep remorse and woe and self-contempt.

Not satisfied with torturing at home,
To old Damascus soon he takes his way;
For there the hated sect have taken root
And must be quickly from the soil removed.
Midday!—lo! from the blue a bolt descends!
What is that Light? Shekinah come again?
All fall to earth—but on Saul's ear alone
God's voice, with penetrating accents clear,
Falls—paralyzes—then compels reply.

"Saul, Saul, why persecute Me in My friends?
'Tis vain for thee to kick against the pricks."
"Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?" he cries.
"Arise and go to Ananias straight,
And he will counsel thee." Slowly arose
The staggered Pharisee; but lo! no light
Greeted his eyes!—that blaze had blinded him!
"Comrade, thine hand! I cannot see the way.
Lead to the house of Judas 'neath the walls."

III

Who shall the mental agony describe
That overwhelmed the spirit of this man,
So self-sufficient, positive, and proud!

God only knows: but out of these birth-pangs
A soul regenerate was soon to breathe
The Spirit's life, and grow to wondrous power.

IV

In old Damascus Ananias prays:
But, interrupted, welcomes faithful friends
Who once again rehearse the doings dread
Of Saul of Tarsus, and the news impart
That to their City he is coming, clothed
With full authority to bind and hale
Back to Jerusalem, and there to try
All who on Jesus call—themselves and him.
"The Master suffered much!—and why not we!"

Still sadly they converse, then sadly leave.
Again the faithful saint to prayer resorts;
When clearly to his spirit comes the call,
"Go to the street called Straight, to Judas' house,
And ask for Saul of Tarsus, who now prays
And sees thee coming in from Me to lay
Thy hands upon him, that he may receive
His sight." "Lord, I have heard by many mouths
Of this man's deeds in old Jerusalem
Against Thy saints; and here he plans the same."
"Arise and go thy way; for him I choose
To bear My Name before the Gentiles, kings,
And Israel's sons; and I will show to him
How great things *he* must suffer for My Name."
Then Ananias went, and on Saul laid
His willing hands in blessing. "Brother Saul!

The Lord—Jesus, Who hath appeared to thee,
Hath sent me that thou might'st receive thy sight,
And mightest with the Holy Ghost be filled."
Scales fell from off Saul's eyes, and sight returned;
And gazing on this new-found brother, Saul
Grasped his warm hand, and begged him, if he judged
Him worthy, that he might receive the gift
Of baptism into Him Whom now he knew.
A new name now denotes a man renewed:
But none of the old zeal and vehemence
Is lost, but at the Master's feet laid down;
And labors vast, and sufferings manifold
Accumulate, as pass the years away.
"To me to live is Christ: to die is gain,
As bringing me to Him Whom first I saw

Upon Damascus plain. There, then, I pledged
To Him Who died for me, my all of life;
For He accepted me, and He forgave;
And I shall be forever with my Lord!"

"Lord, Remember Me"

WHO crieth "Lord"? and to whom doth he cry?
A felon,—self-confessed,—in throes of death!
But of a faith miraculous possessed.
How gained he such a faith in One Who hung
Beside him on the cursèd Tree—despised,
Rejected by the rulers and the Church!
True,—o'er Him shone the words "King of the Jews"!
But all could see that *that* was irony!

And 'twas in spite of public odium,
That this man recognized his "Lord" and "King"!
O wondrous faith! In all Jerusalem
There was no other that acknowledged Him;
For paralyzed were all His friends that day;
Nor in His Kingship did their faith return,
Until His rising from the dead was proved
By signs they could not put aside or doubt.
Again, deep faith in immortality
Possessed this man by Jewish teachers trained.
Does this show that the Jews had stronger light
Upon the better life beyond the grave
Than we have gathered from the older books?
Or does it show that in imprisonment,—
As I have always been constrained to hold,
In order to account for this man's faith,—
Our Lord had found and had instructed him
In those two greatest truths He taught mankind,—
His Kingship and *our* immortality.
If, at the Judgment, prison visiting
Is laid down as a necessary work
For those who represent their Master here;
If, after death, Christ visited the souls
In bondage; what could be more natural
Than that the Saviour visited the men
Condemned by men and victimized by sin!
What is there known to man that could keep bright,
In the despair and agony of death,
A faith that everything conspired to wreck,
Except the knowledge and the love of Christ,
By converse close and personal obtained?

Is there a testimony more complete
To the existence of the perfect life
Awaiting man hereafter, than the word
Of this man, doubly crucified with Christ?
The Saviour *shall* be crowned! and faithful hearts,
Though hopeless sinners by the world condemned,
Shall surely be remembered; and with Him
Associated for Eternity.

The Holy Communion

BEHOLD! a Royal Bridegroom
Has asked me for His bride!
Behold! Earth's wisest Teacher
Has called me to His side!
Behold! the King of Angels
Has offered me a seat!
Behold! a dying Saviour
Has summoned me to meat!

And who am I thus honored?
And what claim can I show?
What excellence and virtue?
What great thing do I know?
Ah! this the greatest marvel!
I nothing am or have,
Except the image of my God,
Which He thro' Adam gave.

The image that He gave me,
How have I cherished it?
How brightened and perfected?
As for His Presence fit.

Ah! none the likeness traces
In nature so defiled;
Ah! none could ever credit
Such Father for such child.

And yet He owns and calls me
And pledges me all grace:
His wondrous love enthralls me;
His promise I embrace:
On Him I cast my burden
Of sin and soil and care,
And marvelous His guerdon,—
His victory to share!

In Him I conquer weakness
Of body and of will:
In Him I gather meekness,
In Him my spirit fill
With vision of His beauty,
With knowledge of His power;
Love takes the place of duty,
Faith gilds the darkest hour.

His Blood and Body slowly
Transmute my baser part
Into the likeness lowly
Of Jesus' mind and heart.
In fellowship abiding
Such good works I pursue,
As He, in me confiding,
Prepares for me to do.

"The Mystery of the Kingdom"

THE mystery of the Kingdom
Is the magic of the King!
The marvel of His beauty!
The shelter of His Wing.

The mystery of the Kingdom
Is the beauty of the saints;
Their fellowship with Jesus,
Their love that never faints.

The mystery of the Kingdom
Is the Feast that it provides
To restore the long-lost likeness
Of the King Who there presides.
To give this Royal Banquet
The King His life resigned,
That all His loving subjects
Soul-sustenance might find.

The mystery of the Kingdom
Is the privilege of prayer,
The confidence the King invites
To bring each joy and care,
Each burden and each problem,
Each question and each need,
And know His perfect sympathy,
To strengthen and to lead.

"The Mystery of the Kingdom"
Is the discipline that fits
For self-control and self-support
Each member it admits.
The "Mystery of the Kingdom"
Is its wondrous Rule of Love,
That makes each citizen complete
For Earth and Heaven above.

"The Mystery of the Kingdom"
Is the remedy applied
For sin-sick souls and broken hearts,—
All graciously supplied.

The mystery of the Kingdom
Is the atmosphere of joy,
The sunshine of the Spirit,
Earth's poison to destroy:
The sunset glow of hope, o'er
Every aspiration poured;
The Mystery of the Kingdom
Is the Secret of the Lord.

"Our Father"

"OUR Father!" there are few in this great world
Who call not on some power in earth or heaven,
Or on some image they invest with power;
But here together brought in brotherhood,
Within the fatherhood of God Himself,

Is the "whole family in heaven and earth."
O brothers! does the flesh subscribe to this?
Do we not dread the fact of brotherhood?
"I cannot love my neighbor as myself!
My neighbor's child as my child! That would kill
Ambition, family love, and everything
We prize as motive in our social scheme."
Yet we can ne'er exhaust the real intent
Of every word that Jesus "meant to say":
And only thro' His Spirit can we grow
Into acceptance of God's Fatherhood,
That makes the Brotherhood of man supreme.
One reason of our failure to desire
A deeper sense of brotherhood on earth
Is found in the next words,—"Which art in Heaven."
Earth is the only heaven that we desire
When life is young and bright and all things smile:
Yet Jesus was but thirty when He gave
This prayer which teaches us such wondrous truths,
And He was the Creator of the light
And loveliness of Earth and wife and child.
He therefore never meant to undermine
The scheme and safeguards of our social state,
But rather to enhance them by the truth
Of higher ties that bind us all to God,
And therefore to each other,—ties which last
Beyond the fleeting ties and loves of Earth.
If Country calls, such claim is held to stand
Above the ties of kindred and of home.
The wife or mother who resigns the one
She holds the dearest, when her Country calls,

We honor with the deepest reverence:
But just because the life and joys of Heaven
Seem so remote and valueless, until
The joys of Earth fall from us, and the lights
Have dimmed that hid from us the Face of God,
The man or woman who resigns the best
That life can offer, for the sake of Christ,
Is thought deficient on the human side
Of life and love, and greatly underprized.

"Hallowed be Thy Name"! Praise then comes first
When we approach the Deity, before
The note of penitence thro' sin confessed,—
As England breathes it in her Book of Prayer:
For man may not advance himself 'fore God
Until God's claims upon His child are met:
Claims on his gratitude and reverence;
Claims on his loyalty and earnestness.
These here express themselves in words which breathe
No personal desires or earthly wants:
"Thy kingdom come; on earth Thy Will be done
As done in Heaven." Thus Jesus puts upon
Our lips, and in our hearts, request for things
That lie the nearest to Our Father's heart;
For He would bring back to the Father's house
Each wandering child of earth; and asks of us
To pray each day as with His yearning love;
And work each day to make that prayer come true.
Then only can His blessed Will be done
Within His Church and Kingdom, when each man,
Professing membership therein, will fit

His action to his word, and carry out
The Lord's idea of service and of life.
Unworthy membership is not confined
To Churches: in the State how many men
Live up to every claim of *citizen?*
How many gladly make the sacrifice
Of time, and strength, and money to advance
The interest of Nation, State, or Town?
Would women ask the vote if men were true
To claims of brother-men, and womanhood?
Quick to stamp out injustice in the Court,
The law enforce, prohibit the saloon,
Which thinks, by screening from the public gaze
The faces of its victims, to deceive
The public with its cry, "Rights for the poor!"
What rights? the right his manhood to defraud,
And bury all his powers thro' his throat!
To sell his wife and children at the bar!
To sell his reputation and his life!
Can any blame the mother and the wife
For asking for the only power she knows,
By which to fight this deadly enemy
Of drink? the power to choose the men who make
The laws, and boldly keep those laws enforced.
No! 'tis the servant faithless in his work,
Who brings discredit on both Church and State;
And therefore hath our Master and our Guide
Set loyalty to God and to His claims,
As the first object of desire and prayer.
And yet how little does this lesson hold!
We say "Our Father," and from that we go

To pleadings for ourselves and those we love,
Nor often think to amplify the prayer
For coming of the Kingdom, as He taught.

Now, after three petitions for the world,
Our own needs from this prayer unique we learn.
"Give us this day our daily bread." What wants
Does this bread meet? Not food for flesh alone,
But surely for the mind and soul as well.
Do we not ask here for the Christ Himself?
"I am the bread of life: man doth not live
By earthly bread alone, but by Myself,—
The very Word of God." Ah! why does thought
Brood heavily among the mists of earth,
When every word is meant to woo our souls
To regions of reality and light!
Our heavenly Father knoweth that we need
Raiment and food; but He would have us know,
That only then can we assimilate
The body's nourishment, when mind and soul
Keep pace in health and true development.
If the mind knows not correspondence taught
By careful Science twixt our food and blood;
If heart and spirit are not well attuned
To deep content, to joy and kindliness;
Earth's feast of good things fails to satisfy,
And numberless our ailments and our ills.
Our prayer is then that the whole man be fed,
And made an instrument fit for His use,
Who needs us in His Vineyard every day,
And fitting work assigns to willing hands.

Bread then we need that we may earnestly
Learn what is Will of God, and what self-will;
That we may faithfully fulfil God's will;
May patiently endure; and more and more
Love that which is the source of love and joy.

"Our trespasses forgive as we forgive";
What law then is it that we so transgress
That we must daily for forgiveness ask?
The moral law,—the ten great Words of God,—
Do we not keep them faithfully and well?
Look to thy heart, O thou that lovest truth!
There is then nothing,—no sweet gift of God,
That is to thee as dear as God Himself?
We often say he "worships" wife or child;—
Then only do we give the word true force:
Is that the way we worship God in Heaven?
Willing to give Him time and thought and life;
Toiling and planning for Him!—as for them.
Surely the meaning of the words we use
Is twofold as we use them; yet we say
That now we are not tempted to transgress
The primal law to worship God alone.

Then, for the Name of God which represents
His Person, till we see Him face to face,
As now in India the name of King
Or Queen of England must be reverenced,
Or charge of treason will be quickly made,
And rightly, as that name must represent
The law and power of him they cannot see.

Hold we His Name as that of mother loved?
Or name of wife should any dare assail?
Yet must not reverence begin with Him?
"Our Father," yet the Lord of Heaven and earth.

Then for His Day,—the greatest gift of all;
Because, without it, man would never take
Time from his life's engrossing work to learn
God's laws, God's nature, or his own life's trend,
Exalting only things of Time and sense.
What were home life without the Sabbath rest?
Where were the workers of this busy world,
If never came the call to "Come apart
And rest awhile," and learn of Christ and Heaven!
Yet men, with thoughtless, strange ingratitude,
Accept this boon from God, and freely own
That neither balance, strength, nor public weal,
Are possible without this weekly rest;
Yet leave their neighbors to fulfil the law
That *"somebody must keep,"* to worship God!

And then as to our covetous desires;
Do we confine them to the Will of God,
Nor murmur if ambitious projects fail,
Thro' fault of others, which we cannot mend?
And there remain yet other laws Divine,
Of patience, meekness, perseverance, joy,
Which daily we transgress, and therefore need
To wash out every stain in Jesus' Blood.

"As we forgive";—the measure is too great!
Forgiveness is not then the easy thing

We have esteemed it in our thought of God:
For when we think of one who has transgressed
Some common law of justice towards ourselves,
There is no other duty half so hard,—
Unless it be to answer soft when vexed,—
As to forgive in heart and memory.

"Lead us": and will the Spirit of the Lord
Consent to lead a sinful child of Earth,
In spite of wilfulness and indolence?
Instruct and guide and warn when mists arise,
Or labyrinths confuse along life's way!
Is there a boon within the gift of God
So great as this?—a Teacher sent from God,
To teach us daily in the school of Life.
Shall we not then make beautiful this room
And temple of our souls, where we are taught?
Oh! may no sound of earth intrude itself
Between this Teacher and this soul of mine,
So that one syllable I fail to catch
Of His most precious Voice, tho' still and small.

And whither shall He lead?—or lead us not?
I fain would differently understand
These sacred words of Jesus, nor would beg
That I from earthly evil might be free;
For what would be my character or worth,
If tribulation did not purify?
No! I can only pray, "Lord, lead us not
Into the cleansing trial of each day,
Except Thou from the *Evil One* defend!"

Sin is the only evil we should pray
To be defended from; temptation ne'er
Was sin; but strength, when faithfully withstood.

Will not "Our Father" thus interpreted,
Hasten the glorious climax that we seek?
"Thine is the Kingdom; and the Power Thine!
And Thine the glory ever more! Amen."

Transfigured

In Memory of Mrs. John Truslow

THEY only knew thee, friend of Christ and men,
Who have the Spirit of thy Lord received,
For such unearthly beauty passes ken
Of Nature, but by spirit is perceived.

But we who humbly feel we saw thy worth,
Treasure the knowledge of thy loving heart,
Thy Christ-like mind, true proof of heavenly birth,
Thy frequent converse from the world apart:

The strength and wisdom from that converse gained,
To show the beauty of a faithful life,
And prove to all the excellence unstained
Of God's ideal mother and true wife.

Thy ministry sought broader fields of work,
Added to loving service for thine own;
Was there a call that ever thou didst shirk?
Was there a field in which thou hast not sown?

For Missions, Temperance and worthy poor,
Thy gifts, thy prayers, thy study, all were given;
Uncomforted, unhelped, none left thy door;—
Uncounted treasure hast thou stored in Heaven!

Surely, as in the wondrous, glistering light
That changed for the disciples life and death,
When Christ, transfigured on the mountain's height,
Showed them their ancient prophets, saved by faith;

So, dearest friend, from thy life have we seen
A light that changes and that glorifies.
Changes the water of our life to wine!
Transfigures all things, blesses, sanctifies.

A Spirit's Voice

HOW shall I speak to my beloved,
Now death hath come between
My soul and theirs? How help them bear
In faith their suffering keen?

First I will tell them of the light—
The joy beyond compare
That burst upon my spirit's sight,
When, freed from pain and care,

I looked into my Saviour's eyes,
And felt in every nerve
The perfect rest His perfect love
Now gave, without reserve.

And from His lips, in cadence rich,
The blessed welcome fell:
"Thou hast been faithful, enter now
My presence: all is well.

"Hereafter thou shalt reign with Me;
Forever Mine thou art:
And thou shalt *know,* for *faith* is past,
All that is in My heart."

Beloved, lingering still on earth,
By your own love so true,
Measure the joy, then, given to me,
Who else had pined for you.

Then, as I felt His beauty fill
My spirit, erst so poor,
I cried, "O Master, those I love
And left upon the shore,

They still can show their love for Thee,
Thro' hardness and thro' loss;
Thro' loss of me—they still can bear
For Thee the precious cross.

They still can sow the blessed seed
And trust Thee for the fruit;
They still can minister to Thee,
Thou wilt their strength recruit.

They still can point the erring here,
And teach men of Thy love;
They still can fight with sin for Thee,
Still their devotion prove;

While I, O blessed Master, rest
In this, Thy Home above,
And prove the Heaven I waited for,
Made perfect through Thy love.

Words! Words!

O LITTLE word! what is it makes thy greatness?
Surely the spirit which has given thee birth:
And wide the range this human spirit covers,
Upon the theater of this little Earth.

For be it heart, or be it brain the prompter,
How varied are the hearts and brains of men!
And every word is seed of something greater,
And harvests ripen and return again.

Go! catching word of courage! human hearts
Are tempted on so many sides to falter:
Ring out the triumph that will set them beating!
Delay may come—the outcome none can alter.

Back to thine own place, coward imp of darkness!
The word of Doubt, begotten of pale Fear,
Blinding our eyes, and all our strength consuming;
A trait'rous shaft thou art! a hostile spear!

Great word of meekness! Christ-like answer soft!
How we misapprehend thy wondrous power!
Thou high, peace-making, royal child of Heaven!
Help us to use thee in temptation's hour.

O word of pride! so ugly! yet so common.
  Hated of God! yet ever on our lips.
Foe to all soul reform, all ill inciting,
  The breeder of contention, Joy's eclipse.

Brave word of truth! foundation of all virtue!
  Scorning all fear! repudiating guile!
Beloved, instilled, unpriced, all faith inspiring!
  Winning with God! all-conscious of His smile.

What dost thou here? thou offspring of the Devil!
  Base innuendo! skulking to destroy
A name! a man's most precious capital!
  In which must lie his life, his hope, his joy.

O Word of Love! that breathest God's own Spirit!
  Shedding around the atmosphere of Heaven!
Dwell in us; fill us! that we may distribute
  Thyself! the highest good to mortals given!

Memorial Day

OUR heroes! how the number swells
  As the years go swiftly by!
Surely 'tis highest Wisdom tells
  Mankind to hear their cry.

To tarry in their rushing life,
  To lift their eyes and heart
And view them in their noble strife,
  As each fulfilled his part.

His part! that seemed to each so small,
But in the aggregate
Has made a heritage for all,
For citizen and State.

To play one's part! what forces join
In one un-noted soul!
To hear the call! to gird the loin!
Obey! and serve the Whole!

To keep the Vision ever bright
Of that which Union means;
United aims, united fight—
This man from self soon weans.

I deck his tomb! repeat his name!—
Asks he no more of me?
My hero of undying fame,
Who died for liberty!

Has each man now full liberty,
In this God's World of Life,
Of Privilege to know and grow!—
Is Social Love so rife,

That we have now no call to fight
Man's greed exploiting man!
Injustice chase with all our might!
Survey, expose, and plan:

Plan, day and night, as generals do,
Or carry out the plan
As privates do, unselfish, true;
Each doing *all* he can.

Each is but *one!* and in the fight
The hope seems oft forlorn:
But *many,* elsewhere, for the Right
Are working, tired and worn:

Tired of opposing, worn with fight;
Tired of the neighbor's shrug:
Better give up! take might for right!
Have done with shove and tug!

If heroes we praise and revere
Had followed the call of the flesh,
Where now were the Union so dear?
Despair is the Devil's own mesh.

No! Many now fight all alone
As they fought at the call of the State;
And courage and daring are shown
In a contest as vital as great.
All hail to the heroes of old!
And to those who are fighting alone!
On our hearts let their names be enrolled
For their glory undying is one!

Christ's Presence

O LIGHT! O Life! O Power! O Love!
How beautiful is life with Thee!
If only I may hold Thy Hand,
If only Thou abide with me!

Trust

JUST to listen to the breathing
Of Thy precious Voice within!
Just to follow where Thou leadest,
And to know no fear but sin!
Just to lay aside all burdens
But the burden of Thy Love!
Just to hear Thy dear Voice saying,
"Shine, and serve, and reign above!"

Advent

"LIGHT on thy hills, Jerusalem!"
Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!
Long have thy steps been mounting,
His loving Presence with thee!
Inspiring and constraining,
And making real the Vision,
Of that Love all love excelling!
Of the things no eye hath seen!

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